Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flatterd him.
Seruingman My Lord, your son was gone before I came.
Yorke He was; why so go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are colde,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Glocester,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.
Seruingman My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordship:
To day as I came by I called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.
Yorke What ist knaue?
Seruingman An houre before I came the Dutchesse died.
Yorke God for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this wofull land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What are there no Posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shal we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, cousin I would say, pray pardon me:
Go fellow get thee home, prouide some cartes,
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affayres
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me: both are my kinsmen,
T'one is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And duety bids defend; t'other againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience, and my kinred bids to right.
Wel somewhat we must do: Come cousin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkly:
I should to Plashie too, but time wil not permit:

All

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke. Qu man. Bush. Gr

Bush. The winde sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemy is all vnpossible.
Gree. Besides our nearenes to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.
Bag. And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemnd.
Bag. If iudgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.
Gree. Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.
Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons perfourme for vs,
Except like curs to teare vs all to pieces:
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiesty,
Farewell if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part that neere shall meete againe.
Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbroo
Gree. Alas poore Duke the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Bush. Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

Bull. How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?
North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Glocestershire.
These high wild hils and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles and makes them wearisome.
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable.